

Spring 2017

mOthertongue 2017 (Full Issue)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

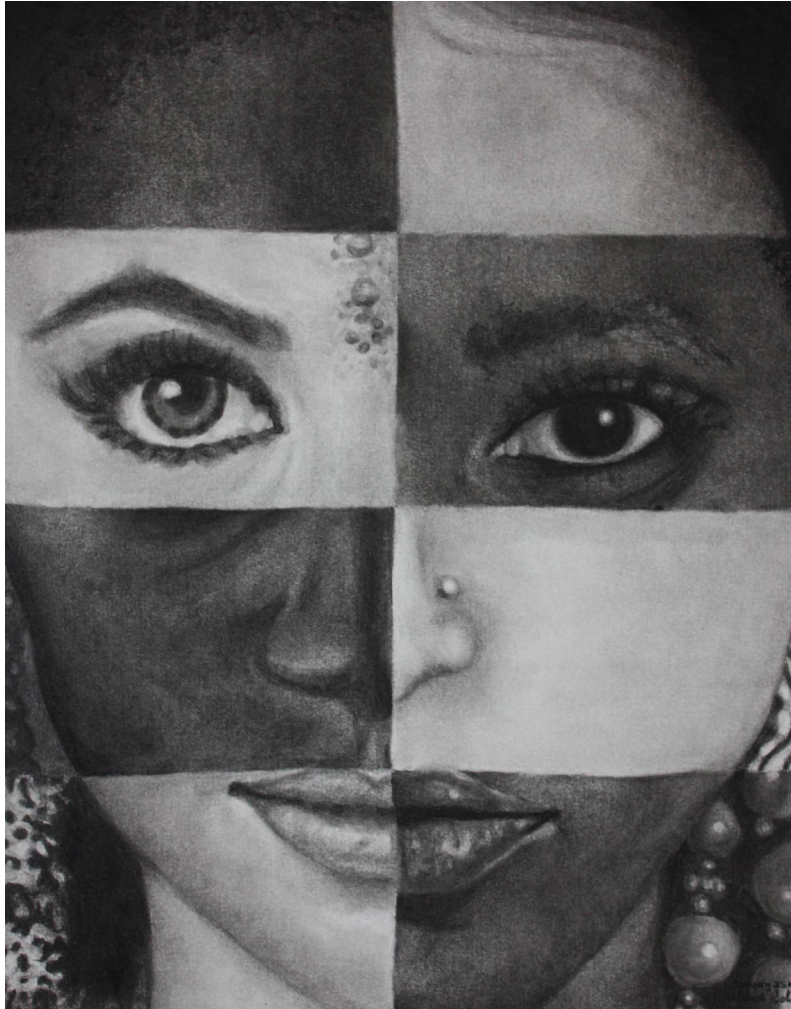
Recommended Citation

(2017) "mOthertongue 2017 (Full Issue)," *mOthertongue*: Vol. 22 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umass.edu/mot/vol22/iss1/16>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in mOthertongue by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.

MOTHER TONGUE



SPRING 2017

mOthertongue

A MULTILINGUAL JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

volume xxii
Spring 2017

Published by the COMPARATIVE LITERATURE PROGRAM
University of Massachusetts at Amherst

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Isabelle Kagan

EDITORS: Brooke Durkan

Laura Handly

Paul Quinn

mOthertongue was founded in 1994 by the students in the Comparative Literature Program at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

The journal is published annually, and submissions are accepted during the spring semester. The editors consider submissions from the Five College undergraduate and graduate student community.

Artwork or writing with an English translation may be sent to:
mOthertonguejournal@gmail.com

428 Herter Hall
Comparative Literature Program
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, MA 01003

Copyright 2017 mOthertongue. No part of this journal may be used or reproduced in any manners or by any means – with the exception of copying in accordance with Sections 107 and 108 of the United States Copyright Law – without written permission.

Publication is made possible with the support from the Comparative Literature Program, the Department of Languages, Literatures, and Cultures, the Translation Center, and a generous grant from the University of Massachusetts Arts Council.

The editors send their utmost thanks to our graduate editorial advisors, Sara Ceroni and Noor Habib, our assistant editors Nathalie Gomez, Daniel Armenti, and Joseph Keady, our faculty advisor Annette Damayanti Lienau, along with Jessica Barr, William Moebius, Jean Fleming, Leslie Hiller, and all others who assisted us with mOthertongue this year.

Printed by Collective Copies - 71 S Pleasant St. Amherst, MA 01003

Cover Art by Malinda Prud'homme: Malina is a Mixed Media & Portrait artist with a passion for portraying a variety of female beauty. It is her greatest hope to use her artwork to prove to the world that ALL women are beautiful; regardless of age, size, ethnicity, or personal style. A strong believer in empathy and honesty, she shares all of her career and life highlights online with a following of truly genuine and supportive people. Join the fun at www.MalindaPrudhomme.com

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

As children, we are born without language. Our native tongue is a matter of coincidence. It quickly becomes more than that; it becomes how we ask our mothers advice and how we sing songs. Language becomes a reflection of our family and culture. On a larger scale, our language's very grammar and idioms reflect the values, history, and structures with which we have been raised, and which have shaped how we interact with the world.

mOthertongue's mission is to celebrate the languages that have shaped our worlds. Every person has a different story. Those stories should be shared in the full truth of their experience. Each language too has its own story, and sometimes, things are lost in translation. The works presented here, gathered from a phenomenal community of artists, writers, thinkers, and human beings, are told in their own language, so as to be the whole truth of the story. Visual art is another type of language, too, and so it is as essential to our journal as its written pieces. At a time in which it is more necessary than ever to celebrate, embrace, and find connections amid difference, mOthertongue is honored to be a voice representing diversity within our own Five College Community. We are born without language, but language becomes the hands we use to touch our world and connect with each other. Let us use these hands to build something beautiful.

Thank you to the writers and artists who contributed to this year's journal. Thank you to our faculty advisor and the language editors who helped along the way. Finally, thank you, our readers, for taking this time to listen to voices that may be shaped differently than your own. We hope you hear in them a song that sounds familiar.

Sincerely,
The Editors

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONSOLATIO CATULLI Latin - <i>The Consolation for Catullus: Homage to Catullus 8</i>	ARIEL ROBINSON	1
UNTITLED Russian	JORDAN BEKENSTEIN	3
FLEUR-DE-LIS pen & ink - <i>Blue Flag Iris</i>	VINCENT FRANCO	4
CRÉPUSCULE À LA GARE D'AUTOCARS French - <i>Dusk at the Bus Station</i>	MITCHELL MANNING	5
POPPY // FISH HEAD collages, 2016	MADELEINE CONOVER	9
PIANO // PROTESTING FOR A GREEN FUTURE collage, gouache, 2016 / collage, watercolor, 2017	MADELEINE CONOVER	10
DIE SPRACHE DER FRAUEN German - <i>The Language of Women</i>	ALEXANDRA ROACH	11
LA BICICLETA DE LA PATRIA CUBANA photo - <i>Cuba Bicycle</i>	ELIZABETH FERREIRA	15

POUR TOI, MON AMOUR French - <i>For you, my love</i>	JOSEPH PELLETIER	16
TONĄĆ Polish - <i>Sinking</i>	JOANNA KALUCKI	17
ENCOUNTER photo	ROSE WANG	18
טגאָזעג טאָה טאָג // אַרשי תב Yiddish - <i>God Said</i> // Hebrew/Yiddish - <i>Daughter of Israel</i>	CLARA MARINO	19
ね、ね、木の葉! Japanese - <i>Hey, Hey, Leaves!</i>	CLARA MARINO	23
DUAL FACE // LAKESIDE // BONE FISH // BATTY paintings	PIED RAVEN	25
COMMENT VIVRE EN ACCORD AVEC LA DÉMOCRATIE French - <i>How to Live in Harmony in Democracy</i>	AINE FOLAN	27

CONSOLATIO CATULLI

Ariel Robinson

Ad auras dico verbas, innanes aures.
Cum liqueret me, solum, sol deseruit me
Semper ventito nunc, tristis umbra,
Circa vias notissimas, vado, dolorosas.
Magnum vulnus, edit et inops patior.
Quomodo contigit: ipsum cruciare nomen,
Et absumere omnes in luctu dies?

Gravis mea sors est: subire tantum maerorem.
Tamen ad quem finem curram amens?
Abiit. Proinde quid? Non moriar.

Etsi non floresco, tandem incohem.
Meus labor amor sit: alia pro me corde.
Alibi, coepiam iterum iterumque.
Dona facio curae ventis incuriosis.

THE CONSOLATION FOR CATULLUS

Ariel Robinson

I say words to the winds, empty ears.
When she left me alone, the sun deserted me.
Always I keep coming, sad shade,
Around the well-known ways full of grief, I go.
Great is the wound, it consumes, and helpless I suffer
How did it happen? That her very name tortures me,
And I spend all my days in grief.

Heavy is my fortune, to undergo such sorrow.
Yet to what end do I rush mindless?
She left. So then what? I am not dead.

Even if I do not bloom, at last I may start.
Let my labor be my love: another for my heart.
Elsewhere, I will begin again and again.
I make gifts of care for uncaring winds.

UNTITLED

Jordan Bekenstein

Суббота - роковой день
Для меня - Король Олень.
Пока прохладная тень
Обнимает телесно
Но я, сверхестественно,
Нахожусь в темноте снов,
Ложусь мертв, с улыбкой льда.

Saturday is the fateful day
For me, the King Deer.
The cool shade still
Physically embraces
But I, supernaturally
Find myself in the darkness of dreams,
I lie dead, with a smile of ice.

FLEUR-DE-LIS
Vincent Franco



CRÉPUSCULE À LA GARE D'AUTOCARS

Mitchell Manning

J'étais dans le bus de retour de Montréal quand
j'ai réalisé que je ne t'aimais pas.

Mes bras écartés comme un bébé qui apprend
à vivre à l'extérieur du ventre de sa mère

J'ai entendu un homme dire à son amante :
« je veux te revenir ».

Comme ça doit être envoutant, j'ai pensé,
de ressentir le besoin de retourner dans un lit qui se refroidit

se sentir chez soi au sein de quelqu'un.

Cet été-là, nous nous sommes perdus en randonnée,
et nous nous sommes retrouvés au bord d'un réservoir.

J'ai poussé un profond soupir de soulagement
et ai jeté une roche dans l'eau pour briser l'immobilité.

Il y eu quelques secondes déclaboussures, puis plus rien.

J'ai pensé que j'étais censé ressentir quelque chose,
de l'amour, de la paix, de la sérénité.

J'ai pensé que j'étais censé entendre mon cœur battre plus fort
Pour couvrir le son des oiseaux,
Comme pour dire « ma chanson d'amour est plus forte. »

Quand l'homme a raccroché son téléphone,
c'était comme s'il manquait un morceau de lui-même.

J'ai regardé par la fenêtre vers l'étendue
des champs de Sherbrooke en pensant :

Le voilà. Me voilà.. Voilà le calme et la paix et la rupture de
Tout silence gênant. Je suis seul dans un autobus de retour de Montréal.
J'écoute l'amour de quelqu'un d'autre parce que je n'ai pas le mien.
Je me sens bien sans toi. J'entends mon cœur et il est plus fort que le moteur du bus.

Donc quelque part là-bas

sur l'autoroute entre Montréal et Boston

notre amour tient une pancarte annonçant une place à prendre, et moi-

Moi, je rentre chez moi.

DUSK AT THE BUS STATION

Mitchell Manning

I was on the bus back from Montréal when I realized I didn't love you.

Arms stretched like a baby learning to live outside of his mother's womb
I overheard a man tell his lover "I want to return to you."

How enthralling it must be, I thought,
to feel compelled to crawl back to a bed that is getting cold
to feel at home within someone.

That summer, we lost ourselves on a hike and turned up at the edge of a reservoir.
I breathed a deep sigh of relief and threw a rock into the water to break the stillness.

There were a few seconds of splashing then nothing.

I thought I was supposed to feel something - like love, peace, serenity.

I thought I was supposed to hear my heart beating louder to drown out the sounds of the
birds, as if to say "my love song is stronger"

When the man hung up his phone it was as if he were missing a little bit of himself.

I looked out the window toward the expansion of fields in Sherbrooke thinking:
This is it. This is me. This is the stillness and the peace and the breaking of every awkward
silence. I am alone on a bus back from Montréal. I am listening in on someone else's love
because I do not have my own. I feel fine without you. I hear my heart and it's louder than the
bus's engine.

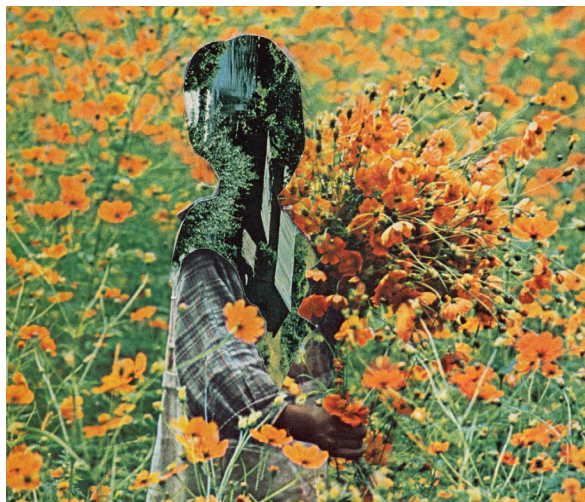
So somewhere out there

On the interstate between Montréal and Boston

Our love is holding a vacancy sign and I-

I am heading home.

POPPY
Madeleine Conover



FISH HEAD



PIANO



PROTESTING FOR A GREEN FUTURE



DIE SPRACHE DER FRAUEN

Alexandra Roach

Die Kunst des Schreibens war schon in der Vergangenheit etwas Besonderes, vorallem für Frauen die damals oft ihre wahren Gefühle, Träume, Wünsche und Gedanken verstecken mussten. Papier und Tinte gab ihnen Unabhängigkeit und brachte Freiheit als ein Geschenk mit sich; nun, zumindest in ihrer Scheinwelt, weit weg von der eigentlichen Realität.

Heutzutage können Frauen sich in unseren Kreisen frei ausdrücken. Aber hört die Gesellschaft ihnen zu? Manchmal, wenn sie die richtige Ausbildung, die richtigen Beziehungen und die richtigen Einstellungen mit sich bringen.

Frauen, jedoch, können noch viel mehr.

Frauen denken mit dem Herzen. Es schmerzt bei Verletzungen und Traurigkeit. Dann ist da ein Gefühl der Schwere. Es ist, als ob man jemandem die Luft abschneiden würde – man kann nicht mehr Atmen. Zu anderen Zeiten, glücklichen Zeiten, springt das Herz und tanzt herum. Das ist wenn Glück, Freude und Aufregung überhand nehmen. Dann gibt es auch das vorsichtige Herz. Dieses, das pausiert und still ist um die Gefühle Anderer zu erkennen.

Unsere westliche Welt bietet keine Lehren für die Sprachen der Seele und des Verstandes an. Es gibt keinen Abschluß den man erreicht wenn man versucht die Welt zu verstehen. Facettenreich, vielfältig, voller Sinnlichkeit, Charakter und Gefühlen – wer, wo, und was kann uns auf die Welt vorbereiten?

Das Leben selbst tut dies ganz gut, wenn wir es zulassen. Aber oft sind wir so beschäftigt. Wir sind in Gedanken nur mit unserem Selbstwertgefühl verbunden das seine eigene irrealen Realität kreiert, Bilder zeichnet um mit zwanghafter Macht daran festzuhalten.

Also, lass' das Leben passieren – traust du dich? Dann wird es dich lehren.

Das Leben wird dich unter seine Fittiche nehmen, es wird dich fliegen lassen wenn es Zeit dazu ist und dir zum richtigen Moment auch Pausen gönnen; arbeiten, lernen, fühlen, anfassen, riechen, hören – lass alle Sinne zu.

Warte – ist dies überhaupt möglich? Ja, möchte ich lauthals ausrufen, wenn du eine Frau bist! Dann lebst und tickst Du aufgrund deines Herzens. Du erweiterst dein Bewusstsein nicht nur durch dein Selbstwertgefühl. Du gibst und empfängst Liebe aus freien Stücken und bist dir bewusst welches Wohlgefallen davon ausgeht.

Du nährst und heilst.

Du hörst zu und vermittelst.

Du schaust jemandem in die Augen und verstehst.

Du fühlst dich harmonisch verbunden mit dir selbst und deiner Umwelt.

Bis es zu einem Ende kommt, es Zeit ist die Feder niederzulegen – hoffend, flehend, wissend, dass vielleicht irgendjemand diese Worte liest und darin Gefallen und Hoffnung findet; ein Verständnis das dem Herzen entspringt und die weltweite Sprache aller Frauen ist.

THE LANGUAGE OF WOMEN

Alexandra Roach

Writing was something special in the past, especially for women who often had to hide their true feelings, dreams, wishes, and thoughts. Paper and ink gave them liberty and presented the gift of freedom. Well, at least in their imaginary world, away from realities.

Today, women in our society are allowed to express themselves in their own words. But does society listen? Sometimes, when they present the right credentials, the right connections, and the right attitudes.

Women, however, have to offer more.

Women think with the heart. It aches when there is pain and sadness. Then, there is the feeling of heaviness. It's like someone cut off the supply of oxygen – you can't breathe anymore. Other times, happy times, the heart jumps and leaps about. That's when joy, laughter and excitement rule. Then, there is the cautious heart. The one that pauses, is still to listen to hear others' feelings.

There are languages of the soul and the mind that our western world does not offer teachings for. There is no degree that you earn when trying to understand the world. Manifold, plentiful, rich in senses, character, and feelings – who, where, and what can prepare you for the world?

Life itself does a pretty good job, if you let it happen. But often we are so busy, our egos are so busy creating their own sense of reality, drawing pictures and holding on to them with the last, obsessive power they have to create an unreal reality.

So, let life happen – will you? Then it will teach you.

Life will take you under its wings and let you fly when it's time to, let you rest when it's the right moment; work, learn, feel, touch, smell, hear – include all your senses.

Hold on, is that possible? Yes, I want to exclaim. It is when you are a woman! You live and function by the heart. You create awareness other than through the ego. You give and receive love freely and know what pleasure arises from giving.

You nurture and heal.

You listen and communicate.

You look into someone's eyes and understand.

You feel connected, in sync with yourself and your environment.

Until it is time to end - to lay down and rest your pen - hoping, pleading, knowing that someone may read these words and find pleasure and hope in them; an understanding that comes from the heart and is the universal language between all women.

LA BICICLETA DE LA PATRIA CUBANA // CUBA BICYCLE
Elizabeth Ferreira



“When in Pinar del Rio in Cuba I was struck by the colors that surrounded me the moment I got out of the van. I walked around the neighborhood near my Bed and Breakfast and noticed this bicycle in the backyard of my neighbor. While I had originally framed the photo as a close-up of the bicycle, I realized that capturing the background better told a story. The painted orange wall in the back is vibrant but it contrasts with the white accents that surround. The washing machine, door, window, and fan create an arc that brings harmony to the photo. This photo is a part of a larger collection called Colores en Pinar del Rio (Colors in Pinar del Rio)”

POUR TOI, MON AMOUR

Joseph Pelletier

Je suis allé au supermarché
Et j'ai acheté de la viande
Pour toi, mon amour
Je suis allé au cinéma
Et j'ai regardé un film
Pour toi, mon amour
Je suis allé au restaurant
Et j'ai mangé des frites
Pour toi, mon amour
Et puis je suis allé au musée
Et je t'ai cherchée
Et je t'ai trouvée
Dans un tableau
Mon amour

FOR YOU, MY LOVE

I went to the supermarket
And I bought some meat
For you, my love
I went to the movie theater
And I saw a film
For you, my love
I went to the restaurant
And I ate fries
For you, my love
And then I went to the museum
And I searched for you
And I found you
In a painting
My love

TONĄĆ

Joanna Kalucki

Kiedy wracam, stoję się trupem nasiąknięty wodą, tępy i przytłoczony zgnilizną problemów bliskich i drogich mi osób. Im bardziej stoję się cięższa, tym trudniej unosić się nad stłumionymi [zatapiającymi] uczuciami. Brnę przez niewygodną ciszę, przez nieszczerze przeprosiny i narcystyczną depresję. Walę przez życie, zostawiając filozoficzne ślady: szlak dla utraconych, a ja zapadam w cuchnące błoto, zapomniana.

Tam, znajduję

Ich, martwich.

Jego, znikającego.

Ojczyznę, zagubioną.

SINKING

When I return, I become a waterlogged corpse, dense and putrid with the problems of those near and dear to me. The heavier that I become, the more difficult it is to float above repressed [sinking] feelings. I slosh through uncomfortable silence, through duplicitous apologies and narcissistic depression. I stomp out philosophical meanings to life, a trail for the lost ones to follow while I sink into rotten mud, forgotten. There, I find them, dead.

him, gone.

a homeland, lost.

ENCOUNTER
Rose Wang



“This picture was taken at Ciqikou 磁器口 (Porcelain Port) in Chongqing, China. It is an ancient town, which was built during the years 998-1004. Shops, handcrafts, restaurants, and food stores fill the street. Strolling along the stone path feels as if one is entering into a time machine. It brings people to encounter senses such as when: the past begets the present, modernity meets tradition, and the magic of culture transcends nature. It is a pathway that sustains the past and renews the best potentiality that future holds.”

גאָט האָט געזאָגט
Clara Marino

יין מאָל
האָט גאָט געזאָגט
"כ'האָב ניט דרך ליב" אַזוי
האָב איך געזאָגט "גיי קאָקן ויפֿס ים"
כ'האָב געגעסן יעדער עפל און מאַראַנצ אַז
איך האָב געוואָלט
איך האָב געשלאָפֿן און
איך האָב געשריגן און
איך האָב געשלאָגט דען אויבנויף פֿון דען שמוציקן וואַנע־וואַסער
און יין מאָל האָט גאָט געזאָגט
"איך האָב דרך ליב"
און איך האָב געגלייבט אים ניט
און גאָט האָט געזאָגט "דאָס איז אַקיי"
איך האָב פֿאַרלאָנגט אים צו זאָגן אַז ער איז באַדויערט
ער האָט געזאָגט ניט
איך האָב געשוויגן
און גאָט האָט געוויזן זיין ברוסט
זיין פֿאַרעם איז דורכגעלעכערט געווען
און גאָט האָט געזאָגט "איך האָב דרך ליב"
און איך בין רויק געווען
און גאָט איז רויק געווען
און איך האָט געזאָגט "איך האָב דרך ליב"
און איך האָב געבלוט
און גאָט האָט געבלוט מיט מיר

GOD SAID

Clara Marino

One day
God said “I don’t love you.” So
I said “Fuck you”
I ate every apple and orange that
I wanted
I slept
I cried
I beat the surface of the muddy-bathwater
And one day God said
“I love you”
And I did not believe him.
And God said that that was fine.
I asked him to say he was sorry
And he didn’t.
I was quiet.
And God bared his chest, full of holes
His perforated form
And I was still
And God was still
And I said “I love you”
And I bled
And God bled with me

בת ישראל
Clara Marino

אני לא בת ישראל
המילים האלה לא שלי
וגם לא של האימהות שלי
אני לא בת ישראל
אני אוהבת אותך, ישראל!
אבל אין לי אהבת ישראל
אני לא בת ישראל
אני בת הגלות

כ'בין נישט קיין בת ישראל
די ווערטן זיינען נישט מיינע ווערטן
אָבער זיי זיינען יאָ פֿון מיינע מאַמעס
און דאָס יז גענוג ביי מיר
ווייל כ'בין נישט קיין בת ישראל
איך קאָן ניט לעבן דאָס היים
אָבער ס'ז מיינ היים
איך קאָן רעד זיין ווערטן
אָבער כ'וועל ניט
ווייל כ'בין נישט קיין בת ישראל

DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL

Clara Marino

I am no Daughter of Israel.
These words are not mine,
Nor of my foremothers'.
I am no Daughter of Israel.
I love you, O Israel!
But I have no Love of Israel.
I am no Daughter of Israel,
I am a Daughter of the Diaspora

I'm no Daughter of Israel.
These words are not mine,
But they are indeed of my foremothers'.
And that is good enough for me.
Because I am no Daughter of Israel,
So I cannot bring myself to love this home,
And yet it is my home.
I can speak its words,
And yet I refuse to
For I am no Daughter of Israel,
But I am a Daughter of the Diaspora.

ね、ね、木の葉!

Clara Marino

木の葉、ありがと!

涼しくしてね!

オイ、木の葉!

君、大丈夫?

落ちている。

木の葉、寂しい、

どこ行っちゃった?

うわ、木の葉!

やっと帰った!

久しぶり!

HEY, HEY, LEAVES!

Clara Marino

Hey, tree leaves, thanks so much you guys,
For keeping me nice and cool!

Hey, tree leaves, what's wrong?
Are you guys feeling alright?
You're falling over.

Where did you all run off to?
It's so lonely without you.

Woah, leaves, is that you?
I can't believe you're all back!
Long time no see, guys!

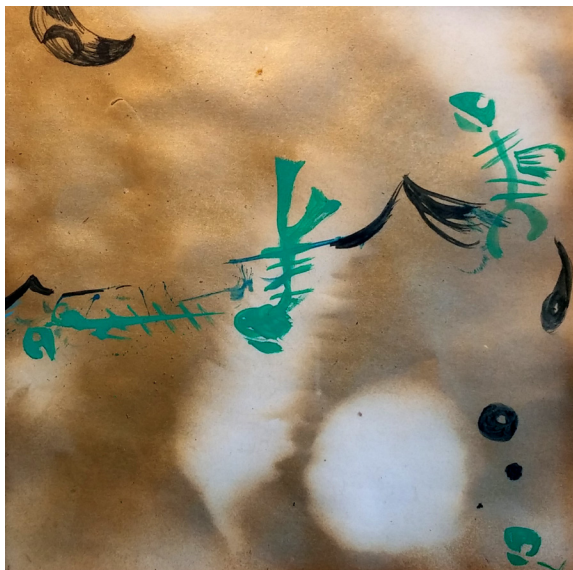
DUAL FACE
Pied Raven



LAKESIDE



BONE FISH



BATTY



COMMENT VIVRE EN ACCORD AVEC LA DÉMOCRATIE

Aine Folan

Déterminez où vos coeurs restent

Découvrez les joies de la vie peu appréciée

Luttez pour les minorités qui n'ont pas de voix

Entendez les conflits sans préjugé

Rendez-vous compte que la vie est fragile

Exprimez vos valeurs dans la vie quotidienne

Dancez pour les triomphes de la démocratie

N'attendez pas le changement

Faites le changement vous-mêmes

HOW TO LIVE IN HARMONY IN DEMOCRACY

Aine Folan

Determine where your heart rests

Discover the under-appreciated joys of life

Fight for the minorities that do not have a voice

Hear the conflicts without prejudice

Recognize that life is fragile

Express your values in your daily life

Dance for the victories of democracy

Do not wait for change

Be the change yourself

